

THE HUMBLE  
PETITION  
Of His GRACE  
*Pb—p* D. of *Wb—n*  
TO A  
GREAT MAN.

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Per Solis radios, Tarpeiaque fulmina jurat  
Et Martis frameam, et Cyrrhæi spicula vatis,  
Per calamos venatricis pharetramque puellæ,  
Perque tuum Pater Ægæi Neptune tridentem,  
Addit et Herculeos arcus, hastamque Minervæ;  
Quicquid habent telorum armamentaria cæli.

JUV.

Thus imitated by Mr. OLDHAM:

*If You persist his Innocence to doubt,  
And boggle in Belief, he'll strait rap out  
Oaths by the Volley, each of which would make  
Pale Atheists start, and trembling Bullies quake,  
And more than would a whole Ship's Crew maintain  
To the East Indies hence and back again.*

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L O N D O N:

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Bl. from Mr. Brett - Smith





THE HUMBLE  
PETITION

Of His GRACE

*Ph—p D. of Wh—n.*



IR, may it please You but to hear  
*Wh—n* a poor Petitioner  
With Pity on a Vagrant look,  
Wax-Chandler, Citizen and Duke;

Humbly Permission I intreat  
To kiss, if not Your Hands, Your Feet;  
And, rather than the Favour miss  
I sue for — any where would kiss.

WAS *H—en* late in Honour held  
Because his Grandfather rebell'd,



For which a fair Reward he found  
 That came to many a thousand Pound.  
*Wh——n* in Treason scorn'd to yield  
 To *Ha——n* in his *Cha——ve* Field ;  
 Then his Descendants You must own  
 Deserve like Favour from the Crown.  
 Nor will I yield my self to them  
 For trampling on the Diadem.  
 Witness when thorough *Tork* astride  
 In Triumph on an Ox I ride,  
 With Commoner behind, and sing  
 See Lords and Commons ride their King.  
 What Prince can unrewarded see  
 Such flagrant matchless Loyalty !  
 Or can such Worth as this miscarry,  
 Possess'd by Right Hereditary ?

BUT Fame strange Tidings has convey'd  
 Of things beyond Sea done and said.

I own

I own I strove in every Nation  
 Not to offend against the Fashion :  
 A Zealous Protestant at home,  
 I did at *Rome* like Men at *Rome*.  
 Yet then, Twelve Articles, no more  
 Believ'd than now the Twenty Four.  
 What tho' I formally confest  
 Three days together to a Priest !  
 If half my Sins I should rehearse  
 'Twould take at least as many years.  
 No more in fact converted I  
 Than Pigs were by St. *Anthony*.  
 But me no Popish Priest shall tran-  
 substantiate to a Christian,  
 Which all the Miracles would beat  
 That e'er were told in Legend yet !  
 I only meant to act the Spy,  
 And cheat Infallibility.

So when before I rang'd abroad,  
 Always promoting publick Good,  
 I beg'd an Alms as a poor Peer,  
 And nick'd the credulous Chevalier :  
 What better Service could I render  
 Than out-pretending the Pretender ?

LET not my famous Star and Garter  
 Provoke You to deny me Quarter :  
 I mean to sell it e'er 'tis long  
 Like my Duke's Patent for a Song :  
 That from the first was my Desire,  
 As soon as I should find a Buyer.  
 Mean time, tho' counted mad or drunk,  
 It serves my Turn *pro hic et nunc*,  
 And well my present purpose fits,  
 Since no Beholder in his Wits,  
 Who sees me rove in this Condition,  
 Suspects me for a Politician.



As for *G——tar*, Sir, I took  
 That whole Transaction for a Joke.  
 When ever I pretend to fight  
 All the World knows — 'tis but a Bite :  
 I fir'd a Gun, but without Ball,  
 A Flash and Bounce and that was all :  
 Or grant it charg'd, no harm I thought,  
 For mine were always random Shot.  
 Nor can my greatest Foes declare  
 I ever aim'd at ought but Air.  
 I hope no Hurt did thence arise,  
 For when I shoot I shut my Eyes.

YET something I can plead to gain  
 Your Smiles and Favour while in *Spain*,  
 None could persuade me to go near  
*James* the late Duke of *Ormond* there ;  
 Tho' press'd, I could not think it right  
 To visit such a Jacobite.

'Tis

'Tis true I told a Priest with Gravity  
 I loath'd Heretical Depravity,  
 But my true Reason, by the Mass,  
 Was Zeal for the Illustrious Race,  
 Yes, by our Lady, Sir, I swear  
 Stark Love to th' House of *Ha——r* !

My Truth my Correspondence shows,  
 As well the Secretary knows :  
 I several useful Secrets hinted,  
 As plainly would appear if printed.  
 Have I not strangely recollected  
 A List of Persons disaffected !  
 Who drove me to my present Course,  
 Indeed they were my Creditors !  
 So true am I to *Br——k's* Line,  
 That all his Enemies are mine.

My Faults, as who from Faults is free ?  
 (I mean on this side of the Sea),

Are



Are such as ne'er continue long,  
 I'm sometimes right as well as wrong;  
 At least, if any right there lies  
 On either side of Contraries.  
 So tho' I drink with Mr. *Mist*  
 The Tory-rory Journalist,  
 To take Suspicion off at home  
 I drink as well with Mr. *Roome*,  
 That tries so furious with Goose-quill  
 To spatter your Opposer *Will*.  
 Thus sometimes in a Popish Nation  
 I plead for Transubstantiation,  
 Prove Contradictions by the Hour,  
 By Medium of Almighty Power :  
 But then again to make amends,  
 When got among my special Friends,  
 I clearly wipe out that Offence  
 By ridiculing Providence.

A H pity but my Y<sup>o</sup>uth and Rank,  
 I freely offer a Chart Blank ;  
 I'll witness what Designs You please,  
 Unheard, unthought Discoveries.  
 Not half such Wonders heretofore  
 The *Salamanca* Doctor swore :  
 Whatever Schemes You set your Heart on  
 I'll sign with *Ph—p* D. of *Wh—n*.

I F timely Succour You will bring,  
 And reconcile me to the King,  
 Eternal Duty will I swear  
 By ev'ry Saint i'th Calendar ;  
 From lousy Monks that beg in Woolen  
 To filken Sirs, and Kings of *Colen*.  
 By all whose Names will stand in Metre  
 From his first Holiness Pope *Peter*.  
 I'll swear too by the Stores that lie  
 In holy Church's Treasury ;

By

By both St. *Austin's* Bodies found,  
 Alike for Miracles renown'd ;  
 By the two Heads of *Baptist John*,  
 Both that at *Rome*, and that at *Roan* ;  
 By all the Relicks *Rome* e'er saw,  
 From *Marie's* Milk to *Garnet's* Straw.

SUSPECT me not for Popish Tricks  
 Of breaking Faith with Hereticks.  
 What tho' a Council fix'd the Rule  
 And many a damnatory Bull ;  
 Tis plain by my whole Conversation  
 I ne'er yet startled at Damnation ;  
 Damnation ! a meer flim-flam Story  
 I mind no more than Purgatory :  
 I that there is a Hell deny,  
 \* In all things like my Father I !

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\* Some MSS read, *Per omnia Patripassans I.*  
 Vid. his Grace's Patent.



IN fine, Sir, if I may but live  
 In *England*, and the King forgive  
 My Writing, Speeching and Protesting,  
 My warlike and religious Jestings,  
 My frantick rambling after Garters,  
 My fear of *Marlborough* and *Chartres* ;  
 Then what no Man alive can say  
 I ever thought of 'till this Day,  
 Your said Petitioner  
 Shall Pray,

**F I N I S.**

